TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. **Day in a graveyard**
   page 06
2. **The place between seasons**
   page 08
3. **Some parts never heal**
   page 10
4. **The mirror has two faces**
   page 12
5. **The rose in her drawer**
   page 16
6. **Rain on an empty station**
   page 18
7. **The word I no longer say**
   page 21
8. **The last letter never sent**
   page 23
9. **I met someone who walked like you**
   page 25
10. **To the one who fell for smoke**
    page 27
11. **To the one who called it smoke**
    page 30
12. **The one who got too late**
    page 34
13. **I’m the one who failed me**
    page 36
14. **But you still stayed**
    page 38
15. **Word of the poem**
    page 40
16. **The poet’s reply**
    page 42
17. **My cry to the sky**
    page 46

18.Jawab-e-shikwa
page 48
19.The diary that wrote me
page 50
20.I shouldn’t have been me
page 54
21.I’m a shadow in the glass
page 58
22.The words that stayed
page 61
23.The truth about me
page 63
24.Reply of a stranger
page 66
25.The poem that outlived me
page 68
26.The poem that I wrote for her
page 70
27.Maybe the atlas was never lost
page 73
28.She was beautiful
page 75
29.The poem where I fell apart
page 77
30.The poet’s trial
page 79
31.The poet’s curse
page 83
32.Look at my hands
page 85
33.The rain that came to bury me
page 88
34.The autopsy report
page 92
35.I talk to wall more than people
page 96

36.I was in her dream
page 98
37.The atlas was wrong
page 101
38.They laid the poet to rest
page 103

ABOUT THE POET

None knows when he started writing, some says that he never spoke much and only wrote. He never read his poems out loud. He once said, “They are not about love. They are what love ruined.”

He didn’t want to be known, he left now interview, no notes, no photographs. Only these poems. Some say they were meant for that one person. Other believes that even she never saw them.

This is all that’s left of him, though the name is still there yet the face still remains unknown.

POET’S NOTE

Hi, I wonder what brought you this way. To be honest, this book of poems weren’t meant for the audience at first. I just kept them to myself because that was the place where they made the most sense. But at some point, I felt like it was time to let them go.

There is no message here, no answers and no lesson. These are just moments I never wanted to lose. So if any of them stays with you, let them stay and let them sit quietly beside you,

That’s all they were meant to do and if you ever reach the end, I hope you leave with a little more stillness than you came with.

Some things are better when left unsaid.

The rest is on the page.

And remember that you were never alone, let this book be the one that never leaves your side, take care.

~ Abdur Rehman Sudais

DAY IN A GRAEYARD

I wandered alone in a graveyard where
The sky was pale, the breeze moved slow,
The earth below was soft and low.
The trees stood still as if they seemed to know
That sorrow sleeps where shadows grow.
The stones were worn with the names half gone,
The ground remained and carried on.
A flower leaned beside a name
No hands returned, no voices came.

The wind moved light with a quiet care,
Afraid to stir the sleeping air.
With each step of mine, the grass would lean,
Probably a bow to all that lies unseen.
No cries arose, no voices stirred,
Only the hush that the still have heard.
And though no soul had met my eye,
I felt their breath within the sky.

THE LOST ATLAS

They were gone but they were not cold,
They rest where times began to fold.
The names once called in love and fear,
Were held by hands no longer near.

They lived, they laughed, they lost, they tried.
Were kissed, were missed, were seen and died
And in that hush so wide and so deep,
I let a tear
Fall in their sleep.

THE LOST ATLAS

There is a place where laughter forgets its name,

A place where sunlight touches shadows without a shame.

Where a child’s dream and an elder’s sigh

Floats in the same wind and never asks why.

Rain falls there, not loud, not light

Like a smell of stories whispered at night.

It carries the weight of years once flown,

And waters the seeds that were never sown.

Eyes have looked upon it, young and worn,

Some full of fire, some weathered and torn.

Its where a boy hides his tears behind a smile,

And a mother stands quiet, grieving a while.

There, love is a coat too big or too small,

Joy is like a kite that forgets how to fall.

Pain is a flower that grows from a scar,

And hope is a lantern with cracks like stars.

It’s not a map, nor bound in a name,

But all who have lived have passed through its flame.

Some call it memory, others call it soul.

It’s a place that breaks us, yet makes us whole.

SOME PARTS NEVER HEAL

I speak in light but dream in grey,

And often drift too far away.

A window open yet no breeze,

I sit with thoughts I never tease.

My words are neat, my hands are still,

But quiet fights against my will.

A soft voice I don’t obey,

Keeps asking why I feel this way.

The storms in my head ruin the garden that my soul holds,

They freeze what’s warm, they wrinkle what’s bold.

They turn the calm into silent screams,

And blur the truth inside my dreams.

I fold my fears like paper cranes,

Then watch them fall with summer rains.

THE LOST ATLAS

Through the cracks, a flower grows,
From things no one but silence knows.

As I speak soft and slow,
I’m guarding things I never show.
Not of fear but something more,
Some doors were built to stay a door.

THE LOST ATLAS

I walk with dust beneath my feet,
Where songs decay and echoes meet.
I wear blue the dusk has bled,
And sleep in thoughts that go unsaid.

The walls remember where I tread,
The cracked old glass, the books left unread.
I touch the heart with silent hands,
And leave behind no demands.

Yet I arrive where you once stood,
To paint the ash with sun and wood.
Where silence grow, I bring a hum.
Of beating drums and children’s thumb.

The flowers rise when I appear,
Yet some still bloom when you are near.

You dim the room and I light the flame,
But often we both are the same.

You fly with reckless grace,
But leave the cracks I must embrace.
You never warn, you never stay,
You touch and then vanish into grey.

You dress in gold and speak in rhyme,
But never wait for winter’s time.
I am the truth the mirror shows,
When music stops and silence grows.

And yet without me, you’d decay,
Like a shadow lost in endless grey.
I lend your tears a gentler hue,
For without light, what is blue?

They write me in the songs they sing.
In golden cups and wedding rings.

In fields where old kites kiss the sky,
Where even silence knows to dance.

But I’m found in midnight’s glass,
In wilted blooms and time that passed.
In rooms where birthday candles weep,
And laughter folds itself to sleep.

In letters lost, in names not said,
In prayers that floats above the bed.
I hold the hands that joy lets go of,
The hush beneath the evening’s glow.

The candle flickers in the glass,
Two shadows cross the floor and pass.
One hums a tune, one heaves a sigh,
And only one is left to lie.

One stays to whisper through the years,
In the silent rooms or bursts of cheers.

But which remains,
The laugh of the scar?
That, dear soul, is who you are.

A ROSE IN HER DRAWER

Once, I was in her trembling hands,

Still wet from the rain, still breathing his glance.

He had brushed a kiss on my waking bloom,

And called out her name that would have filled the room.

She laughed, God she laughed

As if time had paused

And placed its crown on her windblown hair

She pressed me close and whispered

“let’s not forget”

I believed her.

She meant it.

That night, I slept beside perfume and lace,

Between pages she never read twice.

She placed me here not to hide, not to grieve,

But to hold a moment she couldn’t relive.

Days passed and then seasons.

Letters arrived, but none with his name.

Her dresses changed and her laughter dimmed.

New perfumes tried to bloom

Yet his lingered.

Now I crumble.

My red has turned to rust,

My scent now a ghost of what it was.

Petals like paper so dry yet curling inwards

Like a secret folding into itself.

No one opens this drawer with wonder anymore.

But still I wait,

Not for her, not for him.

Just for one breath to remember how love once felt

On the day I was chosen.

RAIN ON AN EMPTY STATION

It rained like a wind so soft, so slow,

With no thunder and no wind to blow.

Just drops that fell like whispered lies,

THE LOST ATLAS

Risen from colorless skies.

She said, “I’ll come.” She said it twice.
She said it soft, like saying ice.
And I, a fool who took her hand,
Not knowing salt dissolves in sand.

The station buzzed with boots and calls,
With laughter echoing off the walls,
Umbrellas bloomed, then disappeared,
And time kept ticking so strange and feared.

The crowd thinned out like dying breath,
Till silence hummed the tune of death.

One by one the faces blurred,
Their stories closed, their goodbyes heard.

And I remained, just I, just me.
Beneath a broken canopy.
My shoes were wet, my hands turned blue,

THE LOST ATLAS

My hope a flower that barely grew.

A pigeon came with its feathers grey,
It cooed as if it had something to say.
It watched me like it knew my sin
To wait for love that won’t begin.

The tea man sighed and packed his stall,
The flickering lights began to fall.
And still I sat, and still I prayed,
For ghost train dreams that never stayed.

The clock struck five, then half past pain.
The cold crept up like guilt and shame.

And in my chest, I heard no heart but rain,
She never came, she never came.

A letter in my pocket so torn
The one I’d meant to give that morn.
Now ink is smudged with her name erased,
A sentence lost with a vow misplaced.

She said, “wait there, I’ll run to you”
But lies wear perfume, and lies wear shoes.
And I? I stayed. Like carved out stone,
In crowds once full now bones, now bone.

And somewhere still, the rain hums low,
A song that only the ruins know.
While here I sit, in pasts decay,
A boy the world forgot to take away.

THE WORD I NO LONGER SAY

There was a word so soft and barely born,
I’d say it once, then feel it mourn.
It wasn’t long nor sharp nor wild,
Just tender like a dreaming child.

It danced upon my lips for years,

THE LOST ATLAS

In poems and prayers and in quiet tears.
It bloomed in songs I'd hum at night,
And curled in letters left half write.

She wore it once, that name, that sound,
Like straight laced in something round.
And every time I whispered low,
The world would tilt and the winds would slow.

But silence came, as silence always does,
Not loud but soft and full of was.

She left or faded, I don't know
But words don't beg when told to go.

Now when it rises in my chest,
I lock it down, I let it rest.
For speaking it would call her near,
And I am not that brave, my dear.

The name, her name is stitched away,

In pockets time forgot to fray.
And when they ask, I only shrug,
And fake a cough or sip my mug.
But truth is, I still taste the sound,
In silence when no one is around.
It lives between my breath and bone,
A word that’s mine and mine alone.
So I don’t speak, I just obey,
It’s the word I no longer say.

THE LAST LETTER NEVER SENT

I wrote you once in an evening light,
When silence grew like a candle so bright.
The ink was shy with the pages all pale,
My hands had trembled through the tale.

I didn’t name you for least not quite clear,
Just hints of someone once held so dear.
Like a folded breath and a haunted line,

THE LOST ATLAS

Where grief and wonder intertwine.

I spoke of the nights that wore your face,
Of coffee spoons and empty spaces,
Of songs that paused before the end,
And rain that wrote like an old friend.

I told you how the lilacs knew,
That they still bloomed in shades of you,

And how the window never closed,
It waits though years have passed.

I stitched the letter edge with a thread,
As if the seams could hold what’s dead,
But every word began to drift,
As though the paper bore a rift.

I kept it in a book I’ve read,
Only in dreams or when I bled
Its pages thin with its title worn,

A lullaby for the forlorn.

I never sent it, never even tried.
Some things are softer when left inside.
For hearts, once posted often don’t return,
They vanish where the candles burn.

I MET SOMEONE WHO WALKED LIKE YOU

I met someone who walked like you,
Not quite the same but close enough,
The kind of gait that cuts right through,
A memory too sharp, too rough.

The street was grey and the time unclear,
Just after dusk that’s shy of the rain,
And though I knew you weren’t near,
My bones still said out your name.

THE LOST ATLAS

She wore no scent that matched your days,
No echo of your winter scarf,
But something in her turning ways
Somehow unclenched a long forgotten laugh.

She didn’t glance, she didn’t see
The moment split beneath my feet,

But I stood still as if in me
And old world stuttered so incomplete.

I didn’t follow. Didn’t call
The years have taught me not to chase.
But oh, how strange to feel it all
Return because of someone’s pace.

Some ghosts don’t come in dreams or songs
They wear a stranger’s coat and stride,
And just like that, the right of wrongs
Unfolds where no one else can hide.

But one thing I must say,

She walked just like you

Yet your memory must stay

And I must split ways even with no clue.

TO THE ONES WHO FELL FOR SMOKE

She waits not by the windowpane,

But by a screen of silent glow

Where her heart is tied to ink and flame,

To the men who lived in tales of woe.

She hums the songs of shadowed knights,

Who never walked nor ever wept,

Whose swords were words, whose truths were lies,

Whose promises the silence kept.

Yet no hands to hold, no flawed goodbyes

THE LOST ATLAS

No morning breath, no trembling fall
Just perfect pain in perfect eyes,
Like a ghost who never missed her call.

She weeps for what she has never met,
A name that danced on someone’s pen,

And call it love or maybe a silhouette
Drawn deep in dreams, not made by men.

O love, you wear a paper crown,
Your ride through screens with hollow grace.
While breathing souls go up and down
The streets you never care to face.

You kiss the pages and call them truth,
But shun the touch that dares to be real
You chase the echo, not the proof,
You chase the echo and not what can heal.

THE LOST ATLAS

A poet’s lie and a writer’s thread,
A role that’s rehearsed inside a cage
And yet you love what must be dead,
And turn from life to worship a page.

Let the candle never melt,
Let no hand knock upon your door
For you have sworn to only feel
What never dared to feel you more.

TO THE ONE WHO CALLED IT SMOKE

You say I wait by silent screens
Not knowing who has dimmed my days.
But ink is where I find my means
To mend the world in much softer ways.

You think I chase a painted knight
And shun the hearts that flesh has drawn
But tell me, must love lose its light
To be called complete and strong?

Must every kiss be buried by doubt?
Must love be proved by bitter ends?
why mock the stars I dream about
When real has failed to make amends?

Yes, I have wept for names and lines
But not because I can’t be touched.

I weep for what the soul defines,
For love that listens, speaks and trusts.

You say I dance with ghosts, not men
But who has stayed and who has fled?
Those in my books return again,
While those with blood have left me dead.

You wear your wounds like sacred cloth,
And call me blind for wanting more.
But fiction dares to break the oath
Of pain that real life made me swore.

No lie no cage no shattered bow
Just dreams too bright for rusted air.
I choose the “never” and the “how,”
Because they loved me somewhere rare.

A writer’s thread? Perhaps it’s true.
But even myths can bloom and burn.

You seek reality yet I seek the view,
The soul behind what we unlearn.

Don’t you grieve for me in vain
I’ve loved in ways you’ll never see.
And if my joy is born from pain,
At least that hurt belonged to me.

THE ONES WHO GOT TOO LATE

Some hearts are built to break and not to bloom,
Some songs are meant to fill the room.
Some reach the door but not the key,
Some touch the sky but never see.

She held his name like a breath held tight,
Then lost it in the quiet night.
And when he turned to finally stay,
she’d thrown the waiting years away.

We chase what’s gone with burning feet,
But hold what’s near with hands discreet.
He gave him all when all felt fry,
But she had taught her heart to die.

And when the world was his to take,
He saw the win was just a fake.

The cup was full but tasted bare,
The crown was his but none would care.

We weep for things we could not keep,
But smile for dust and call it deep.
Not every flame was made to stay,
Not every love will light the way.
Some only shine when then are gone,
Like voices fading into dawn.

I AM THE ONE WHO FAILDE ME

Listen! You don’t deserve the poems you write,
You fake the grief, you stage the night.
You say you bled but where’s the scar?
You never broke in fact you never fought hard.

You call it pain and I call it show.
You say you healed but what do you know?
You fed on love then spat it out,
Left every hand that reached in doubt.

You act like sorrow made you wise,
But you’re a maze of dressed up lies.
You begged for care then slammed the door,
You hurt them all and asked for more.

You crave pain, you chase the bruise,
You wear your wounds like old tattoos.

You write of loss but when and how?
You’ve never starved, not then, not now.

You cry for stars then close your eyes,
You swear you’re lost but it’s just your disguise.
You kneel for peace then choose the sin,
And call it fate when you don’t win.
You say you tried but you barely moved,
You claim regret but you never proved.
You built the fire, fed the flame,
Then walked away and blamed the name.

You write in blood that isn’t yours,
You steal from pain then build your floors.
You wear despair like it’s your skin,
But never dared to look with in.
You’re not a storm, you’re just the smoke.
You wear the chains but tied the rope.
You claim you fell but truth is clear,
You dug the hole and stayed right here.

BUT YOU STILL STAYED

Yes, I cry for eyes to see,
But you weep in ink more than me.
At least I break in quiet grace,
You beg for pain to fill your space.

You call me fake, a poet’s game,
But every scar has shaped my name.
You wrote of loss like it was owed
I lived the loss you only showed.

You scream of battles never fought,
But rage was all you ever brought.
You wear your grief like some disguise,
Then flinch when someone dares reply.

You claim to fall, but love to kneel,
To chase the ache you want to feel.

I stood where no one dared to go

THE LOST ATLAS

You just performed a softer show.

You curse me like I owe you shame,
As if I asked to take the blame.
But I was silence through your mess,
While you made art from emptiness.

You bled in rhymes, not in the dark
I swallowed fire and you drew the spark.
You claim the grave like it was yours,
But I still locked my own damn doors.

You want the pain, it makes you loud
A pretty corpse that draws a crowd.
But I endured in shatter’s skin
Not once did I invite them in.

You say you’re dust then act like gold,
A martyr desperate to be told.

But I was stone and stayed that way
While you turned storms to staged decay.

Cry your lines, recite your ache
I see what’s real and what is fake.
You failed yourself and you still write
Yet I broke, rebuilt and learned to fight.

WORDS OF THE POEMS

THE LOST ATLAS

“We were born from the wounds you never cleaned,”

Said the verse on page thirteen,

You fed us silence soaked in rust,

Then left our syllables to rot in dust.

You dressed us up in bleeding grace,

But turned away from our stitched face.

A thousand nights we begged for form

Yet you used us just to feel warm.

You carved our spines with grief and lies,

Then blamed us for your own goodbyes.

You lit the match and you closed the door,

Now we haunt what you ignore.

You gave us names but not a name,

Just shadows scribbled into flame.

We screamed out truths till ink ran dry,

You wiped your tears but let us die.

Did you think we would never feel?

We bled with you but you couldn’t heal.

You made us graveyards wrapped in lace,
And buried love in every place.

Each stanza bore the bruise you hid,
Each rhyme was a child you never did.
You made us vessels so sweet and cursed,
Then drank our silence till it burst.

You broke us just to sound profound,
To make the world applaud your frown.
But when the claps began to fade
You threw us back where grief is made.

You are no poet, not to us,
You made us ache then boarded the bus,
We are your sins, in crystal frames
Still burning in your vaulted flames.

THE POET'S REPLY

"We are born from wounds you never cleaned,"

Said the verse that cried on page thirteen.
But how can I fix what broke inside,
When I had no place left to hide?

You call me cold and a thief of pain,
But I was drowning in the rain.
I didn’t write you for a name
I wrote to not go mad with shame.

You say I left you in the dark,
But you were born from every mark.
I gave you life and gave you breath,
To save myself from quiet death.

You say I left you there to fade,
But I was scared of what I made.
Because to face you meant to feel,
And I was tired of not being real.

You say I hurt you when I wrote,
That I cut deep with every quote.
But I was hurting long before

You only showed what tore me more.

You were my scream and my last defense,
My way to make a little sense.
Don’t act like I stood tall
I fell first and I felt it all.

You say I made you for a show
But no one ever had to know.
You were the truth I couldn’t say,
The tears I wiped and hid away.

You want revenge? Then go ahead,
Let every word strike me dead.
Let people hate the hand that drew
A broken world but it was true.

Blame me, leave me or curse my name,
But I never plated any game.
I gave you all the love I had
Even when I felt half dead.

You were not fake, you weren’t wrong,

You were my voice when I wasn’t strong.

If you hate me, that’s okay

Just know I loved you anyway.

I LEAVE THIS PAGE TO YOU.

WRITE DOWN WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE SAYING.

MY CRY TO THE SKY

(SHIKWA)

You made me dust then gave me breath,

Yet life has crushed me close to death.

You gave me dreams that I couldn’t hold,

And left me shivering in the cold.

I prayed to you with broken knees,
Still found no balm and a gentle breeze.
I fasted long and wept at night,
But shadows stayed and stole my light.

You wrote of mercy so deep and wide,
Yet why do storms not turn or hide?
The hearts of beasts are fed and full,
While mine stays empty cracked and dull.

They sin and smile the cheat thrive,
While I who sought you, barely survive.
They laugh beneath forbidden skies,
And I am scorned for the truth and cries.

Do you not see the things they said?
The nights I starved and the tears I bled?
I stood with faith when all was flame
Yet all that burned still wore my name,

I bore the weight you said was test,
But never knew a moment’s rest.

THE LOST ATLAS

I walked the path you said was right,
But every step just dimmed the light.

Tell me lord, what wrong have I done?
To live unloved beneath your sun?
Or am I just too small or too plain?
A voice you chose to leave in pain?

If you are close then where were you
When loss was all I ever knew?
And if you care than answer me
Why faith has felt like a misery?

JAWAB-E-SHIKWA

My dearest one, I gave you breath
I stood beside you near to death.
The dreams you lost were seeds I kept,
For the gardens grown from tears you wept.

Each time you prayed on broken knees,

THE LOST ATLAS

I held your pain in sacred seas.
I saw you fast and your sleepless night
And caught your tears before the light.

My mercy lives in the storms and the calms,
Though pain may come so does the balm.
The beasts are fed but for day,
Your soul is fed in higher way.

They smile but hearts decay,
What blooms in lies will rot away.
You honest soul, though bruised and torn,
Will rise a new in brighter morn.

I saw the words that pierced your skin,
Each silent cry with each wound within.
You stood with faith and I wrote you name,
In stars that shine beyond the flame.

The weight you bore was not in vain,
I counted every drop of your pain.
The path you walked may twist and bend,

But leads to joy that has no end.

You’ve done no wrong, my gentle friend,
You just don’t see what’s at the end.
You think you're plain, unseen and unheard.
Yet all I shaped was by my word.

When loss arrived, I stayed so near,
Thought hidden so deep, I caught each tear.
You ask me why your faith feels sore
Because you love me and you want more.

THE DIARY THAT WROTE ME

I found it in the attic beneath the dust,
With a lock that bore no rust.
In a leather skin too soft to touch,
As if it breathed but not too much.

Its edges were torn with its spine not straight,
Felt too young to hold such weight.
No name, no title, no sign…

Yet something in it called it mine.

The first page of it knew my mother’s gaze,
The way her voice would crack in praise.
It spoke of doors that I never passed,
And lullabies that didn’t last.

It knew a scent I’ve never worn,
Described my face even before I was born.
It said I wept in silent rooms
And buried poems inside my wombs.

I turned the page and it turned my years,
Each word was a whisper soaked in tears.
Laugh that I broke and truths I bent,
Regrets I swore and never meant.

But how did ink recall my sin,
When I had locked it deep within?
How could it draw the shape of my scars?
Scares I hid beneath my skin like stars?

THE LOST ATLAS

It spoke in voices I forgot,
It named the names I swore were not.
And somewhere in its crooked rhyme,
It claimed I died ahead of time.

It told of dreams I never dreamed,
Of wounds that whispered while they gleamed.
It painted hands that weren’t my own
But clutched the hearts I once had known.

A chapter built of mirrors so cracked,
Each page was a self I never tracked.
It wrote me thin then wrote me wide
And always something just… beside.

It captured nights I still deny,
Of screaming moons and bleeding sky.
I found myself in lines so blurred,
That pain became the only word.

By now the room had lost its air,

The lamp grew dim and the walls just stared.
The more I read, the less I knew
Which parts were false, which parts were true?

The dairy laughed, it seemed not too loud,
But through the quiet so thick as shroud.
It whispered, “you are not the pen,
You are the page… again and again.”

Its final page was blank, pale and profound.
No ink, no line yet had every sound.
I touched it once and felt my breath
Grow cold with something close to death.

As there a sentence formed and it wasn’t mine.
Not typed or scratched, just etched in its spine.
It said:
“The author never knew your name,
But sill played the perfect game.”

The truth is, I never wrote a single line,

Yet every line was mine.

I SHOULDN’T HAVE BEEN ME

I shouldn’t have been made at all.
I’m a soul too small with a voice too tall.
They gave me skin that I couldn’t wear,
Then left me gasping in the air.

They smiled when I began to cry.
Then let me learn and ask “but why?”
No one explained this kind of ache
The one that stays when you don’t break.

I laughed too loud just to drown the sound,
Of voices digging underground.

THE LOST ATLAS

They told me pain would make me wise,
But never taught me truth from lies.

They said I'd bloom beneath the rain
But all I grew was rust and strain.
They said I would rise and that scars would heal,
Then watched me choke on every meal.

My hands still shake with quiet screams,
My mouth still chokes on shattered dreams.
I fake a calm they want to see,
While I was drowning deep inside of me.

I sleep with thoughts that won't be still,
Each one a rope, a voice, a pill.
I ask myself, "what if I'm wrong?"
But "what if not?" has stayed too long.

The mirror blinks and I lose my name.
My eyes just stare and they look the same.
But something in me isn't right
Like a fading shape that lost its fight.

I try to speak but words just slide,

And truth just folds itself to hide.

I write in ink I never read

With each page a bruise and each thought a bleed.

They say “you are strong.” They never knew

The things I never say or do.

The nights I count but can’t survive,

The weight it takes just to arrive.

The worst is not the blood or the scars,

It actually is being numb beneath the stars.

It’s being here and feeling none,

A shadow shaped to look like “done.”

I do not live, I just last.

Each of the moment tied to the moments that past.

I beg for peace but beg in vain,

THE LOST ATLAS

This body breathes but holds no name.

I hate the way I beg to stay,
While every part just fades away.
I hate the parts that still believes,
That healing comes to those who grieve.

If I go, just let me go
Don’t light a candle, just let it snow.
Don’t speak my name or quote a line,
Just whisper softly, “it was his time.”

Because not all who die are gone.
Some die while brushing hair at dawn.
Some walk around like they belong,
But break in places built too strong.

You may ask, what ruined me?
It wasn’t loud. It came quietly.
It looked like love then felt like shame,
It smiled and softly spoke my name.

The fact is that I shouldn’t have been born to be

The one who screamed so silently.

The one who stayed to play the part…

Of someone slowly torn apart.

I’M A SHADOW IN THE GLASS

I don’t live, I wait.

Behind this glass that I imitate.

He steps into the frame each day,

And only then I taste the grey.

I breathe when he breaths and I move when he moves,

My body is his but nothing improves.

I’ve never felt the wind or tasted the rain

I do his smile and then drown in the pain.

This room you see is my world, these four same walls.

THE LOST ATLAS

A rusted chair, no doors and no calls.
I’ve watched him age while I stay still
He grows in joy and I rot in will.

He laughs and I lift my face to match,
He cries and I must break in that patch.
Yet none of it is mine, it never was.
I mimic his joy without a cause.

He kisses someone yet my lips don’t feel.
He hold their hand yet mine stays unreal.
They whisper his name and I mouth the sound,
But silence wraps me tightly to bound.

All these years I’ve stood and stared,
Never touched, never dared.
I don’t know night, I don’t know noon,
Only this mirror, only this room.

I’ve screamed in silence, shattered in pose,
But mirrors don’t bleed and no one knows.
He leaves and I vanish into the glass
No breath, no voice and no time to pass.

He returns and I return too,
Like a shadow enslaved to what he’ll do.
He lives, he sins and I wear his disguise.

I once believed I was the real,
That maybe he felt what I would conceal.
But now I know, I am the lie
The frame he walks through and then walks by.

Maybe I’m cursed or maybe I’m fate,
Maybe a soul unchosen and forced to wait.
No name, no touch with no love to keep,
Just stolen glimpses before I sleep.

And when he dies, I’ll die as well
Not in the world but where I dwell.
No grave, no tear and no final call
Just dust on glass and a shadow on the wall.

THE WORDS THAT STAYED

They left like smoke from a dying flame,
Still every poem held their name.
They moved ahead with brand new skies,
While I sated trapped in old goodbyes.

They never turned to read the ink,
Or wonder why I used to sink.
They never saw the rhymed regret,
The verses I cannot forget.

I built them homes in lines that bled,
But they chose louder love instead.
I carved them stars and wrote them light,
While they slept soundless every night.

THE LOST ATLAS

The poems stayed when they were gone,
like ghosts who hum the same old song
They sit in drawers I never clean,
Still wondering what might have been.

I tried to burn the words one day,
But fire turned its face away.
The pages curled then would not die
Each line refused to say goodbye.

Here they live like my silent guests,
Still wearing names across their chests.
And u, the fool who still reads through
The things I wrote they never knew.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ME

Let me tell you the reasons why I’m hard to hold,
Why every love turns fast and cold
Why even those who swear they will stay
Finds a reason to be gone one day.

The thing is, I speak too much and then not at all
I build a world and then let it fall.
I joke in pain and then cry in bed
Then ask you what I should’ve said.

I write when hurt and I write too loud
My wounds became a bleeding crowed.
I turn each heartbreak into verse
And never stop to check who hurts.

I question love till it retreats
I doubt your smile and ignore your feats.

You say, “I’m here,” and I still ask why
Then wait for you to say goodbye.

I act like a child and then snap like a flame.
I ruin quiet and shift the blame.
I share too much and care too fast,
I get bored easy but nothing lasts.

I want attention then run from it.
I swear I’m fine but never quit.
I’ll make you laugh then make you ache,
Then write a poem for my own sake.

You’ll call me mess and you won’t be wrong.
I break what’s safe to feel I’m strong.
You’ll walk away just like most people do.
And I’ll say, “see? I warned you too.”

I crave the soft then crush its shape.
I lock the door then beg escape.
I’m not the soul you dream to myth.

I insist, say what you must,

Maybe too loud, too deep or maybe too little trust.

Say I’m the one no heart can mend

I ruin love before it ends.

But if you knew the way I care,

The way I burn when you’re not there

You’d see the truth behind my past.

I love as if it’s my first and last.

REPLY OF A STRANGER

Sudais, I read your storm with each cracking line,
The places where you twist and shine.
You call yourself too much to bear,
But I have room and I have air.

You speak of fire while I stand in rain.
You run from joy while I stay with pain.
You say your love breaks what it holds
But I have hands that don’t let go.

I’ve known the quiet, dull and the kind,
The gentle hearts and the balanced mind.
But none of them have made feel
That what we break can also heal.

You doubt yourself with every breath.
You flirt with silence and sleep with death.
Yet even there beneath the ache,
I see the kind of love you make.

Not sweet, not safe and not sugar spun.
But love that stays when all have run.
The kind that hurts, but still it stays
Like moonlight on the worst of days.

You are nit the easy kind.
You pull, you push, you test the mind.
But I have stood in deeper seas.
And you, my love, don’t frighten me.

You call yourself too much to live
But I know how the broken give.
You feel too hard, you love too fast
But oh! You love as if it’s last.

THE POEM THAT OUTLIVED ME

I wrote you down when my world was torn,

On a night so still and a heart too worn.

I bled in ink so that she would one day see,

But she never came, so you, dear poem, outlived me.

You knew her smile though she never stayed,

You knew the price my silence paid.

You held each word that she never knew,

While I was dying and you only grew.

You lived on lips of those who read,

Yet none could feel the things I said.

You weep alone with the empty sheets,

While I lie cold beneath your beats.

You called her name in every line,

And I carved my soul so she would call me mine.

But she just passed and never turned,

And all I gave was never returned.

Still there you lie, in the dusty light,
Reciting pain that I failed to fight.
No one stayed and none could be
Only you were left to speak to me.

You were the scream I couldn’t cry,
And the reason I forgot to try.
You were the truth I wrote too late
Now you just shout what I hate.

You’re not a song nor a flame,
You’re just the proof that she never came.
And though I’m gone you will remain.
My love shaped wound that now feels like blame.

Keep your place on page 77 minus thirteen.
Among the ghosts and might have been.
I wrote you once and now let me be,
You are the poem that outlived me.

THE POEM I WROTE FOR HER

THE LOST ATLAS

I won’t begin with borrowed lines,
This voice tonight is only mine.
No metaphors and no riddles to light,
Just what I feel, pure, plain and just right.

I have watched you from a world apart,
Yet felt you breathing in my chest.
Like rain that falls where I don’t stand,
But still it touches a soul and not land.

I held your name behind closed lips,
It danced in every breath’s eclipse.
Too soft to steal and too deep to hide,
It carved itself from side to side.

My eyes have tried to say it true,
But yours always looked right through.
It stitched your voice into my days
And lit your thought in silent ways.

The poems you sparked are something you'll never know,

Each word like a wound I can't show.

No crowd, no fame, no grand applause,

Just quiet pain with louder cause.

You smiled and something cracked within me,

Like a holy place I swore to be.

They spoke of love like fire and of flame,

But mine was too scared for a name.

When asked who haunts my deepest hue,

I would lower my eyes never knew.

You were the warmth I could not touch,

Too close to break and too far to clutch.

But now I have burned what held me back,

No riddles left and no secret track.

Today, here I stand with nothing veiled,

With no half truth left and no feelings jailed.

And if the world forgets my name,

Let this one truth outlive my flame.

I say with all senses still,

I love you and I always will.

MAYBE THE ATLAS WAS NEVER LOST

THE LOST ATLAS

I searched for maps in broken skies,
In wilted flames and in stranger’s eyes,
I wandered roads that turned to dust,
With dreams in pockets all worn by rust.

I thought I would lose the place I knew,
Where laughter lived and love felt true,
Like a world I had built but watched it decay,
Like footprints slowly swept away.

But maybe loss was just a name,
For paths that curved but never came
To ends at all and they only bend,
To lead us back to where we mend.

I thought the stars had all moved on,
But maybe they were never gone.
They blinked behind the clouds awhile,
Then kissed the dark with quiet smile.

And maybe what I lost in time,
Was never hers, or his, or mine
But moments waiting to unfold,

THE LOST ATLAS

In softer hands I’ve yet to hold.

I feared that I had lost my guide,
That nothing good stayed by my side,
But then I looked not far but near,
And found the light was always here.

I learned that joy is not a place,
Not only found in some one’s face,
It lives inside and it gently grows,
In whispered winds and blooming throes.

Here I stand with a lighter breath,
No haunted now by loss or death.
For every piece I thought was tossed,
Maybe the Atlas… was never lost.

SHE WAS BAUTIFUL

I do not miss her like the storm,
I miss her like a scent that was once so warm,

That clung to rooms and whispered grace,
But now just lingers in empty space.

Her eyes were like to verses heavens once wrote,
Where sadness swam and stars float.
I read them once and then lost my place,
Now I search for them in every face.

Here hands were soft as evening prayer,
They cupped my name with trembling care.
Now wind just brushed past my cheek,
And leaves behind the touch I seek.

Her voice would pour like summers rain,
On all the corners of my pain.
The world feels quieter these days,
Like songs that sleeps in cracked displays.

And yes, she laughed like time had stopped,
Like grief itself had finally dropped.
Now I just laugh to fill the gaps.
But joy without her only claps.

She was so beautiful, not just the skin,
But how the dusk would breathe within.
The way her silence dared to speak,
Made even heavens blush and peek.

I miss her not like something lost,
But like a flame that knew its cost.
She burned so bright and left me so,
Half in the light with half shadowed to glow.

THE POEM WHERE I FELL APART

I didn’t write this once with ease,
I carved it screaming through my face.
There is blood behind each fragile line,
And not a word of it is fine.

She left and silence filled the bed,
It sat beside me so cold and fed.
The walls grew teeth and the air grew thin,
And I collapsed beneath my skin.

I tried to eat but tasted dusk,
I drank but everything was husk.
Each street I walked still wore her name,
Each mirror burned me just the same.

I begged the stars to just explain
Why love must turn into pain.
But they just blinked and blinked and died,
Like all the ways I never cried.

I slept in pieces and not in rest
Like grief had nested in my chest.
She moved on soft while I stood still
Like a man shaped ruin with a quill.

People said, “you will write her out,”

But all my poems crawled with doubt.
They cried in ink and they cursed the light,
They couldn’t bring her back at night.

I wasn’t strong I wasn’t art.
I was a body torn apart.
And every stanza and every scream
Was just a scratch across a dream.

Don’t ask me what she took or why.
She took the how, the how and then my sky
She left me hollow, sharp and sore
And still I write and still want more.

THE POETS TRIAL

They dragged me in as the doors opened wide,
In a courtroom built from the things I hide.
The walls were stitched from the lines I wrote,
The ceiling hung low with a torn up note.

She sat there with her eyes unread,

THE LOST ATLAS

Wearing the things once I said.
With no glance, no tear and not a sigh to lend,
Just the kind of stillness that knows the end.

The judge wore robes of unwritten pain,
He spoke my verses like acid rain.
“you stand accused of loving too much,
Of turning a bruise to a poet’s touch.”

“you wrote her fire when she was stone,
You carved her stars when she walked alone,
You called her rare in every breath,
While she stood still and watched your death.”

My poems rose one by one to speak,
Once so soft now rose sharp and no longer weak.
One said, “he called her perfume in air,
But we were there and there was nothing there.”

Another said, “he drowned in her name,
Then blamed the waves when no one came.
He bled us dry on every page,

And made her light his only cage.”

One laughed, “he begged when she withdrew,
Still set the table for just those two.
He wrote her letters no one read,
And laid beside the lines like dead.”

I clenched my fists but still stood tall,
What do you do when your poems maul?
So I spoke with dusts in my broken tone,
“yes, I loved and I did it alone.”

“I called her rare because she was to me,
Not to the world and not endlessly.
She was silence in a world too loud,
She was rain I chased beneath a cloud.”

“I gave her light she never asked,
But I never wore a lover’s mask.
I wrote her beautiful, not to deceive,
But because that’s how I chose to grieve.”

“you say I loved her far too deep,
That I lost myself when she fell asleep.
But none of you bled when she closed the door,
None of you stayed when she loved no more.”

“you turned on me when I turned to you,
When I had nothing else to speak into.
You were born from her, each line and beat,
Now here you stand to judge to cheat.”

She never spoke as she didn’t need.
The silence said all it came to bleed.
Not a tear and not even shame,
Just eyes that watched and left me to blame.

The court grew still and my poems wept.
The judge just sighed at the love I kept.
Then passed the sentence so slow and grim,
“for feeling too much, you are condemned.”

“Condemned to write with hands that shake,

To dream of what you couldn’t make.

To carry a name that won’t return,

To light a fire that never burned.”

And still she sat untouched yet the same,

While I walked out without my name.

No chains, no cell, just one last cry,

“I loved her and that’s not a lie.”

THE POET’S CURSE

They say the stars were silent the night I cried,

But ink dripped out the night I died.

With no wound, no blade but just breath turned thin,

When I kept my verses caged within.

The sky won’t shit and the moon won’t bend,

Until I crave what I pretend.

My ribs are shelves for haunted lines,

That whisper truth I call “not mine.”

Each word I hold becomes a flame,
It sings my sins and chants her name.
If I grow still and if I resist,
My lungs will forget that they must exist.

You think I write to heal or to cope?
No! I write because there is no hope.
My blood would clot and my soul would sink,
Without the curse of page and ink.

This is no gift, this is no grace,
It is hunger locked behind my face.
It is silence rotting in my head,
It is poems screaming to be bled.

I tried, I swear I did, just to be “fine.”
To cage the storm and skip the lines.
But every time I dared to sleep,
A stanza stirred inside too deep.

And so I write and I claw and I spill.

My verses breathe against my will.
And if I don’t flinch or sigh
Don’t mourn me.
Just know
I had to die.

LOOK AT MY HANDS

Look.
Look at my hands and don’t turn your face,
This is not ink, it is a crimson trace.
It’s not some metaphor I drew,
It’s blood, it's real and it's bleeding through.

I swear I didn’t mean to harm,
I just held her close, I meant no harm.
But love when cages begins to choke,
And I kissed her till she broke.

You think these lines are just a show?

Then watch the red that will not go.

I’ve scrubbed it with tears and I’ve screamed in vain,

Bur murder leaves a deeper stain.

I snag her worth until she drowned,

In poems where her name was crowned.

I carved her beauty into rhyme,

And killed her slowly, line by line.

Don’t tell me “art is how we cope,”

This pen of mine became the rope.

I didn’t stab her with a blade,

But with the weight of vows I made.

Look closer now, beneath my skin,

He silence grows like thorns within.

This isn’t guilt that fades with time,

It's punishment preserved in rhyme.

I buried her beneath my verse,

With each stanza making the silence worse.

Each time I wrote “she is divine,”
Another piece of her was mine.

And now here I stand like a breathing crime,
A murderer wrapped up in rhyme.
I didn’t mean to let her die…
But love turns fatal when it's mine.

Look. Please look. These hands won’t lie,
I killed the girl I swore to write.
And though you only see the prose,
Her blood is there and it never goes.

THE RAIN THAT CAME TO BURRY ME

It rained last night not soft but too wild,
Not fit for poems nor meek nor wild.
It tore through trees and it cracked the glass,
It spat on mourners as they would pass.

No heaven sang, no sky was kind.
The clouds were stitched with wrath and blind.
The roads were rivers so black and wide,
And I walked through it with none beside.

My coat was drenched and my soul was too,
The drops felt sharp like she what she knew,
That love is real but it never stays,

It rots in gutters and swept in bays.

Each raindrop hit like something cursed,

A memory sharpened, carved and rehearsed.

She left, you see in pouring grey,

But the scent of her still haunts the clay.

And there I passed our bench, now drowned in weeds,

Where once we stitched each other’s dreams.

But now the wood is cracked and split,

Like vows we made and then unknit.

A man walked past with leaking eyes,

He whispered so low, “Regrets never dies.”

I nodded once, what could I say?

I too had thrown my heart away.

I saw her house, with its porchlight dim,

There a shadow moved and it wasn’t him.

It looked like me in chains, in rains,

Dragging a bag of screaming pain.

THE LOST ATLAS

She stared through the glass then shut her blinds,
Like closing doors inside her mind.
And in that storm, I stood shook,
As thunder read me like a book.

There a voice emerged beneath the storm,
Not angels, not ghosts and not even form,

But something vile with its eyes unseen,
It said, “she lives in you, unclean.”

I sank to knees in alley mud,
And coughed up verses I would write in blood.
The rain grew loud and my breaths grew thin.
And still I felt her on my skin.

The silence fell but not for long,
The clouds prepared their final song.
And lightning cracked a mirror tree
That showed the worst of what I’d be.

No grave was dug, no shroud, no bell.
Just endless water, grief and hell.

No angels came. Mo hands were raised.
Just one man damned, just one mand razed.

And when at last I begged for peace,
The rain replied, “your lease won’t cease.”

It carved her name across my chest,
Then poured and poured and did not rest.

And somewhere deep beneath that rain,
Where worms ignore both rose and chain,
I lie unseen, yet still I scream…
For even in death
She haunts my dream.

THE AUTOPSY REPORT WAS A POEM

They pulled me in with gloves and grace,
No sorrow shown upon their face.
A nameless tag around my toe,
Yet every cut revealed her tough.

The blade was clean and my chest was not.
Tit reeked of all the things I fought.
The doctor sighed and then took his pen,
And wrote the truth I feared back then.

“This organ is torn, and far too thin,
Like love once stitched and then stitched again.
But every thread has turned to rust,
It beat for years through ash and dust.

Collapsed and drowned tough dry in frame,

THE LOST ATLAS

They whispered a soft single name.
No fluid found yet still they choke,
On every word she never spoke.

Empty but not by design,
He starved for touch he called divine.
He drank her lies, distilled and raw,
And still he begged to taste her flaw.

This spine once stood for someone’s grace,
But bent when she forgot his face.
A single vertebra remains,
The one that snapped from silent pains.

The fingers bruised from holding air,
Grasping ghosts that weren’t there.
One knuckle cracked as if he wrote,
Too many things he couldn’t quote.

Bitten through as if to stall,
A name perhaps he couldn’t call.
Still stained red with phrases bled,

That should’ve stayed unsaid instead.

Clouded. Dry like a film of salt,
Not from death but her assault.
They stared too long at empty rooms,
And memorized imagine dooms.

The cortex dim and the memories flare,
Of someone brushing midnight hair.
Synapses died in loops that screamed,
Of lips once kissed or maybe dreamed.”

The doctor paused and removed the gloves,
Then whispered low, “it must be love.”
He closed the ribcage like a door,
Then something thudded on the floor.

A note had slipped from between my ribs,
A folded page, torn at the tips.
He picked it up and tried to read,
But blood still blurred my final plead.

“To her who watched me break each day,
I carved your name in soft decay.
And though you left before I fell…
I carried you through every hell.”

They zipped me shut and left the light,
My organs cold and my silence right.
And trough the world won’t know my name,
The autopsy still speaks the same.

“He died of something science missed,
The kind of pain you feel when kissed.”

I TALK TO PEOPLE WALL MORE THAN PEOPLE

I talk to walls more than to friends,
At least they stay until the end.
They never laugh and they never leave.
They watch me choke and they let me grieve.

I ask them things no one would hear,
Like, “do I matter?” “was I clear?”
They never lie, they never fake.
They take my silence when I break.

I sit for hours, I barely blink.
I tell the paint about the ways I think.
I tell it how my hands still shake,
And how I cry but never break.

I told the walls that I miss my name,
The way she said it so soft and not plain.
I told the bricks that I miss her hair,
It moved like wind, it’s not still there.

I screamed one night and I begged for peace.
The echoes stayed as they never cease.
They bounced and bounced like cruel replies.
They came back sharp like spit out lies.

I laughed once too yet the wall stayed still.
It watched me sink, it watched me kill,
Each bit of hope I used to keep.
Now even sleep won’t let me sleep.

I know the wall won’t ever care.
Bit it won’t judge, it's always there.
I say let them go, they all forget,
At least these walls hold what I let.

I WAS IN HER DREAM

I was in her dream, not wide awake,
Like a passing thought and a small mistake.
She smiled like love and held like care,
But none of it was ever there.

She called me “mine” as if it was true,
I swore she meant it, maybe knew.
But now I see behind that face,
No warmth, no truth and not even a trace.

Her dream was not what I believed,
She walked away and I was deceived.
She dressed in love but wore it fake,
Each word she said began to break.

I thought I lived inside her chest,
But she just played like all the rest.
She loved the game but not who I am,
She wrote my name then let it jam.

THE LOST ATLAS

She never bled the way I did,
She watched me fall and shut the lid.
And all this time I thought it real,
But I was nothing she could fee.

I kissed her hands and she kissed the air,
I held her close and she wasn’t there.
She memorized the words I craved,
Then used them all to keep me caged.

She wasn’t fire. She wasn’t rain.
She was a mirror made of pain.
She wore a mask that fit too well,
And dragged me through her private hell.

I was scene she had to fake,
A tole to fill and a move to make.
Her eyes looked deep, her voice was kind,
But none of that was ever mine.

I wish I wake inside my head,

Still lying in that dream she fed,

I scream her name but not aloud,

She walks through me like a passing could.

THE ATLAS WAS WRONG

Some signs that were craved in ancient stone,

But none of them led me back home.
Her name was marked where rivers bend,
But every road came to an end.

I walked through ash and I crossed through snow,
Each border told me she'll still know.
I asked the winds, I searched the sand,
I held her name in both my hands.

The skies turned black and my boots wore thin,
I knocked on doors none let me in.
Each poem I wrote felt like a map,
But every one led to a trap.

The verses lied and the stanza burned,
She wasn't lost and she wasn't turned.
Each rhyme I trusted, every song,
All wrong, all wrong. The book was wrong.

I thought I may find her in ink,
But now I stop, I start to think,
The poems weren't about her face.

The bled from some much darker place.

They weren’t love, they weren’t truth,
They were the ache I kept from the youth.
A wound I dressed in rhyme and lines,
To fake a love that wasn’t mine.

There was no girl, there was no land,
No whispered vows and no reaching hand.
The map was me, the fault was mine,
The words misled by my design.

I chased a lie that my hands had drawn,
There was no path yet the world moved on.
My soul was ink and my faith was all worn,
The atlas, love and the poems were all wrong.

THEY LAID THE POET TO REST

They found him still and his hands were cold,
His poems were stacked like something old.
Each song was worn and each line was stained,

Each breath he had was written in pain.

He waited long and he kept the light.

He bathed, he dressed and yet he wrote each night.

He told the world she’d come again.

She never did and alas he died in vain.

The curtains swayed but no one knocked,

The door stayed shut and the clocks all stopped.

He slept in hope, He starved in verse,

He begged her name inside each curse.

No one came to dress his frame,

The town forgot that he had a name.

No hands were held, no voices wept,

The ones who knew him overslept.

His body was cold and his fingers tight,

Still clutching poems he tried to write.

One last page torn with his ink long dried,

He tried to say goodbye, he tried.

She didn’t come, not for the end,

Not for the grave, not as a friend.

She missed the weight, she missed the stone,

She let him die, she left him alone.

No would dare to speak and no flowers were thrown,

The ground was hard and the wind had grown.

A nameless grave on a sunless hill,

A silence no one tried to fill.

They placed his poems on his chest,

Then stone, then dirt and then endless rest.

No hint, no final thread,

Yet the thing is…

The poet’s gone, the poet’s dead.